MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY *WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN*, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1806. [No. 28.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

DUBOIS AND FANCHON.

From MOORE's View of Society and Manners in France, &c.

IN CONTINUATION.

I AM uneaſy when I hear people aſſert, that mankind always act from motives of ſelf-intereſt. It creates a ſuſpicion that thoſe who maintain this ſyſtem, judge of others by their own feelings. This concluſion, however, may be as erroneous as the general aſſertion; for I have heard it maintained (perhaps from affectation) by very diſintereſted people, who when puſhed, could not ſupport their argument without perverting the received meaning of language.—Thoſe who perform generous or apparently diſintereſted actions, ſay they, are prompted by ſelfiſh motives—by the pleaſure which they themſelves feel. There are people who have this feeling ſo ſtrong, that they cannot paſs a miſerable object without endeavouring to aſſiſt him——Such people really relieve themſelves when they relieve the wretched.

All this is very true; but is it not a ſtrange aſſertion, that people are not benevolent, becauſe they cannot be otherwiſe?

Two men are ſtanding near a fruit-ſhop in St. James's-ſtreet. There are ſome pine-apples within the window, and a poor woman, with an infant crying at her empty breaſt, without. One of the gentlemen walks in, pays a guinea for a pine-apple, which he calmly devours; while the woman implores him for a penny, to buy her a morſel of bread—and implores in vain: Not that this fine gentleman values a penny; but to put his hand in his pocket would give him ſome trouble; the diſtreſs of the woman gives him none. The other man happens to have a guinea in his pocket alſo; he gives it to the woman, walks home, and dines on beaf-ſteaks, with his wife and children.

Without doing injuſtice to the taſte of the former, we may believe that the latter received the greater gratification for his guinea. You will never convince me, however, that his motive in beſtowing it was as ſelfiſh as the other's.

Some few days after the adventure I mentioned in my laſt letter, I met F—— and B—— at the opera. They had become acquainted with each other at my lodgings two days before, according to B——'s deſire—It gave me pleaſure to ſee them on ſo good a footing.

F—— invited us to go home and ſit an hour with him before we went to bed; to which we aſſented.

The Marquis then told us, we ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing Fanchon in her beſt gown, and Dubois with his new leg—for he had ordered his valet to invite them, with two or three of his companions, to a little ſupper.

While the Marquis was ſpeaking, his coach drove up to the door of the opera—where a well-known lady was at that moment waiting for her carriage.

B—— ſeemed to recollect himſelf of a ſudden, ſaying, he muſt be excuſed from going with us, having an affair of ſome importance to tranſact at home.

The Marquis ſmiled—ſhook B—— by the hand—ſaying, *c'eſt apparemment quelque affaire qui regarde la conſtitution; vivent les Anglois pour l'amour patriotique!**

When we arrived at the Marquis's, the ſervants and their gueſts were aſſembled in the little garden behind the hotel, and dancing, by moon-light, to Dubois's muſic.

He and Fanchon were invited to a glaſs of wine in the Marquis's parlour. The poor fellow's heart ſwelled at the ſight of his benefactor. He attempted to expreſs his gratitude; but his voice failed, and he could not articulate a word.

Vous n'avez pas à faire à des ingrats, monſieur le Colonel,† ſaid Fanchon. My huſband, continued ſhe, is more affected with your goodneſs, than he was by the loſs of his leg, or the cruelty of my relations. She then, in a ſerious manner, with the voice of gratitude, and in the language of Nature, expreſſed her own and her huſband's obligations to the Marquis; and amongſt others, ſhe alluded to twenty louis which her huſband had received *de ſa part* that very afternoon. You intend to make a ſaint of a ſinner, my dear, ſaid the Marquis, and to ſucceed the better, you invent falſe miracles. I know nothing of the twenty louis you mention. But I know a great deal; for here they are in my pocket, ſays Dubois. The Marquis ſtill inſiſted they had not come from him.——The ſoldier then declared, that he had called about one o'clock, to pay his duty to Monſieur de F——; but not finding him at home, he was returning to his lodgings, when, in the ſtreet, he obſerved a gentleman looking at him with attention, who ſoon accoſted him, demanded if his name was not Dubois? If he had not loſt his leg at Corſica? and ſeveral other queſtions: Which being anſwered in the affirmative, he ſlipped twenty louis into his hand, telling him that it would help to furniſh his houſe. Dubois in aſtoniſhment had exclaimed—*Mon Dieu! voilà encore Monſieur de F——.*‡ Upon which the ſtranger had replied:—Yes, he ſends you that by me: And immediately he turned into another ſtreet, and Dubois ſaw no more of him.

We were all equally ſurpriſed at the ſingularity of this little adventure. On inquiring more particularly about the appearance of the ſtranger, I was convinced he could be no other than B.

I remembered he had been affected with the ſtory of Dubois when I told it him. You know B—— is not one of thoſe, who allow any emotions of that nature to paſs unimproved, or to evaporate in ſentiment. He generally puts them to ſome practical uſe.—So, having met Dubois accidentally in the ſtreet, he had made him this ſmall preſent, in the manner above related; and on his underſtanding that Dubois and Fanchon were at F——'s, he had declined going, to avoid any explanation on the ſubject.

Had our friend B—— been a man of ſyſtem, or much reflection, in his charity, he would have conſidered, that as the ſoldier had already been taken good care of, and was under the protection of a generous man, there was no call for his interfering in the buſineſs; and he would probably have kept his twenty guineas for ſome more preſſing occaſion.

There are men in the world (and very uſeful and moſt reſpectable men no doubt they are) who examine the pro's and the con's before they decide upon the moſt indifferent occaſion; who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the generally received notions of duty. They weigh, in the niceſt ſcales, every claim that an acquaintance, a relation, or a friend may have on them; and they endeavour to pay them on demand, as they would a bill of exchange. They calculate their income, and proportion every expenſe; and hearing it aſſerted every week from the pulpit, that there is exceeding good intereſt to be paid one time or other, for the money that is given to the poor, they riſk a little every year upon that venture. Their paſſions and their affairs are in excellent order; they walk thro' life undiſturbed by the misfortunes of others. And when they come to the end of their journey, they are decently interred in a church-yard.

There is another ſet of men who never calculate; for they are generally guided by the heart, which never was taught arithmetic, and knows nothing of accounts. Their heads have ſcarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and without the conſent of the heart, moſt certainly none in their friendſhips. They perform acts of benevolence (without recollecting that this is a duty) merely for the pleaſure they afford; and perhaps forget them, as they do their own pleaſures, when paſt.

As for little occaſional charities, theſe are as natural to ſuch characters as breathing; and they claim as little merit for the one as for the other, the whole ſeeming an affair of inſtinct rather than of reflection.

That the firſt of theſe two claſſes of men is the moſt uſeful in ſociety; that their affairs will be conducted with moſt circumſpection; that they will keep out of many ſcrapes and difficulties that the others may fall into; and that they are (if you inſiſt upon it very violently) the moſt virtuous of the two, I ſhall not diſpute: Yet for the ſoul of me I cannot help preferring the other; for almoſt all the friends I have ever had in my life, are of the ſecond claſs.

* *It is apparently ſomething which regards the conſtitution; long live the Engliſh for patriotic love.*

† *You have not to deal with ingrates, Colonel.*

‡ *My God! that is Monſieur de F—— again.*

Detached Thought.

HE who does not prize the conſciouſneſs above the commendation of a virtuous action, makes but little of a good bargain.

Communications.

'Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
'Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.'

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHY OF MACKENZIE.

IN CONTINUATION.

GENIUS ſprings not up, like an Arabian palace of enchantment, in the deſert, without the exerciſe of viſible means in its creation. It is not born with that culture, and thoſe biaſſes to which we owe the particular efforts and productions which afterwards diſtinguiſh it in the world. One may, therefore, hope to be pardoned in this attempt to trace thoſe circumſtances, in the ſtate of the literature and taſte of the time of Mr. Mackenzie's early youth, by which he was guided to try with ſuch ſucceſs, thoſe ſpecies of writing, which delight to melt the heart with tenderneſs, to refine the ſoul with delicate generoſity of ſentiment, and to divert the fancy with the elegant poignancy of attic wit.

His firſt attempts at compoſition were poetical. He wrote while very young ſeveral ſmall pieces in verſe. And though of the gentleſt and kindeſt of tempers, he was enticed, probably by deſire of the praiſe of wit, ſometimes to try his powers in ſatire.

Yet he, even there, appears to have delighted much rather in the tenderneſs, the ſimplicity, and the charming freſhneſs of imagery, which belong to the paſtoral. His verſes took ſometimes the form and plaintive tone of the elegy. And he is known to have tried, alſo, to accommodate poetry to the ends of ethical diſquiſition.

From theſe juvenile attempts in poeſy he was ſoon encouraged to aſpire to rival the admired maſters in the compoſition of the ſentimental & pathetic novel. In 1768, or perhaps 1769, he wrote in his hours of leiſure from profeſſional employment, that beautiful ſmall piece, "*The Man of Feeling.*" It was not at firſt, received with the favor due to its merit, by thoſe ſagacious booksellers to whom, without any demand for copy money, he made offer of it for publication. But this difficulty was, at laſt, overcome. The book was printed. It came out without the author's name. And it had been but a very ſhort time before the public, when every voice was to enthuſiaſm eager in its praiſe. The FAIR eſpecially, and the young were its paſſionate admirers. Never were the native ſentiments of uncorrupted youth repreſented in a light more enchantingly amiable. It ſeemed as if the work were by ſome diſciple of Shafteſbury and Hutcheſon, accuſtomed to refer the origin of all our moral ideas to unreaſoning but delicately ſenſible internal feeling: and Harley, the hero of the tale, was as it were moral ſenſe all over. Rouſſeau relates, that when his Nouvelle Heloiſe was publiſhed at Paris, the ladies of that capital ſuppoſed the adventures of St. Preux to have been thoſe of the Author himſelf; and were, to ſuch a degree, enraptured with the charming man, that he might probably have ſucceeded in an intrigue with any one of them, to whom he ſhould have choſen to offer his addreſſes. The virtue of the ladies of Edinburgh would be exceedingly diſgraced by compariſon with the amorous facility aſcribed to thoſe of Paris. Nor was the virtuous ſenſibility of Harley to be compared with the arduous ſenſuality of St. Preux. But we believe, the ſame fancy that the adventures of Harley were thoſe of the author of the Man of Feeling himſelf; and a ſimilar partiality to a being ſo tender of heart, endowed with moral ſympathies ſo exquiſitely fine, and ſo delicately good, were extremely common, for a while, among the female readers of Mr. Mackenzie's novel. Since the names of La Nouvelle Heloiſe, and of St. Preux, have been here mentioned, one is naturally tempted to add, without meaning any inſinuation adverſe to the idea of the originality of Mr. Mackenzie's genius, that the character and adventures of Harley have been ſaid to be imitated from thoſe of the hero of Rouſſeau's novel, with a freedom and deviation, indeed, which almoſt create an original, yet with a reſemblance ſufficient to indicate what model he had in his eye. Harley is St. Preux in all but the fire of genius and of paſſion. Inſtead of the glowing ſenſuality of the hero of the French novel, he is refined to a ſainted or angel purity of ſoul. He reaſons little; he needs not to be guided by the cold principles of reaſon, he has moral ſenſibility to keep him ever amiably in the right; but then his moral ſenſibility is alive even to a degree of morbid delicacy and tremulous feebleneſs. His adventures are ſuch as tend to ſhew his character in all the lights neceſſary to make us ſee it fully and diſtinctively. He is educated in retirement; he comes to town, and there viſits ſome remarkable ſcenes, and has a part in ſome ſtriking incidents; he returns to the country, and after languiſhing awhile in love which he dares not tell, expires in a joy too great not to overpower his feebleneſs, at the very moment when he learns that his love would not be unreturned. All the imagery and incidents of the piece accord with the caſt and ſpirit of the principal character. They are delicately tender; and they are adapted to touch the ſprings of tenderneſs in the heart: The author delights in the detail of minute imagery; and he knows to make that exquiſitely intereſting which would be, in other hands, trivial and inſipid. In a work with ſuch beauties, one forgets all ſeverity of judgment in regard of ſtyle. But the ſtyle of the "*Man of Feeling*" might defy ſuch ſeverity. It is pure, more pure indeed from Scotticiſms than Galliciſms, ſweet, and elegant with dignity, but without pomp.

The author's name remained, for a time, unknown beyond the circle of his private friends. But in England as in Scotland, it was thought, that he muſt certainly be the moſt amiable of men; and the ladies in particular were anxiouſly deſirous to learn—who in the world it might be? A Mr. Eccles, a young Iriſh clergyman, became amidſt theſe circumſtances, ambitious to uſurp the praiſe of it. For ſome purpoſe, whether of love, of intereſt, or mere vanity, he was, it ſeems, capable of taking the pains to tranſcribe the whole work, and even of marking his manuſcript with erafures and interlineations, to give it the air of being that copy, in which the author had wrought the laſt poliſh on his piece, before tranſcribing it for the preſs. The manuſcript was found among that gentleman's papers, after his death, and had for a time the effect he ſeems to have intended.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

ON VIRTUE.

"*Know then this truth, enough for man to know,*
"*VIRTUE alone, is happineſs below.*"

TO calm the ſea of this troubleſome life, and alleviate its ſorrows, is Virtue's prerogative.——Virtue, (at the bare idea of which, every vicious thought forſakes us,) ſhall guard and protect us againſt the ſhafts of calumny, all the machinations of the wicked, and yield us that peace and tranquility, which the world can neither give nor take away. Although fortune may frown, friends prove perverſe, "Virtue ſole ſurvives the never failing friend of man,—his guide to happineſs on high." Reaſon ſuggeſts, and experience confirms this important truth, that if we are virtuous, we ſhall be happy, but that on the contrary, to be vicious, we are miſerable, the preſent degenerate times abundantly teſtify.—How many pitiable objects do we meet with in an evening's walk in ſome of *our* capitals, that have been ruined, and plunged headlong into the vortex of miſery, by deviating from the path of virtue.

The virtuous perſon is truly happy here, (as much ſo as this imperfect ſtate will admit of,) and has the fulleſt aſſurance of the eternal felicity and beatitude of heaven. VIRTUE, which is ſo amiable in man, is more ſo in the faireſt part of creation. Of all terreſtrial objects, what ſo beautiful, ſo lovely, as a virtuous woman? Her price is far above rubies, and ſhe is more to be valued than fine gold. If we but look around us at the preſent day, we ſee

a great number of our females, trained up in a way, vaſtly different from what may be expected to enſure them future happineſs. The ball-room, the play houſe, and amuſements like theſe, employ the chief of their time and attention, while they are neglecting matters more intereſting & important; I do not mean that all innocent amuſements ſhould be avoided, on the contrary, I think that a moderate indulgence in them is not only lawful, but neither repugnant to reaſon nor revelation; theſe, however, ſhould ſerve as the amuſements, and not as the buſineſs of life—our duty points to ſomething of more importance to our immortal ſouls. We, as reaſonable beings, ſhould conſider that we are but travellers in a ſtrange country, and that we ſhall tarry here but a little while, before we go hence, and be no more known. The virtuous man, when his life is drawing to a cloſe, can look back upon his paſt life with pleaſure, and fondly anticipate the future. When the things of this world are loſing their luſtre, heaven brightens in his view, and he ſeems eager to graſp the joys of immortality.

All ſolid happineſs is founded on virtue and religion.—The virtuous man ſoars above the mean and trifling things of this world, in purſuit of nobler objects, and looks down, with comparative indifference, upon every thing of a temporal nature. Virtue removes us at a diſtance from every ſinful act, and places us in a direct road to happineſs. Riches ſink in our eſtimation when compared with virtue, nor is one ſingle virtue to be exchanged for the treaſures of Peru. A man that is truly virtuous can never be really wretched—His ſpotleſs mind ſpurns the idea of being ſo,—he feels conſcious of his own rectitude, and conſequently fears not, what man ſhall do unto him. In the ordinary purſuits of life, he diſdains to act a diſhonorable part, by endeavoring to take the leaſt advantage of any of his fellow creatures, and as the immortal Shakeſpeare, in deſcribing the virtuous man, pertinently ſays,

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Ye who are walking in the paths of wiſdom and virtue perſevere, and be aſſured they will lead you to a happier country; let not the vain boaſtings of the vicious, make any impreſſion upon your mind, they are only ſeeking to draw you into the ſame difficulty with themſelves. Their imaginary happineſs ſoon turns to real miſery, and their darling pleaſure to the ſevereſt pain. All their pleaſures have their ſubtle poiſons, and every ſweet, an attendant ſnare.

The vicious are always ſuſpected of inſincerity, in whatever they do or ſay, even by their own aſſociates, and by the virtuous part of mankind, they are deteſted and deſpiſed. But the virtuous man, whoſe heart is pure, whoſe ſincerity conſpicuouſly ſhines in all his actions and who is honeſt in his dealings with mankind, ſuch a perſon is entitled to the higheſt encomiums of his fellow beings, and is truly a GREAT and a GOOD man; he is honored and admired by all, while living, and his memory ſhall live, when he moulders in the duſt.

ALPHONSO.

Diverſity.

FENELON.

THE immortal author of Telemachus has certainly proved how much virtue, united to great talents, has a ſway over the human heart; it knows how to conquer thoſe national prejudices that have taken the deepeſt hold, and reconcile the moſt barbarous enemies. Marlborough and Eugene, in the wars of Queen Anne, while they ravaged all before them, gave ſtrict orders to ſpare the lands and eſtates depending on the illuſtrious archbiſhop of Cambray: that name alone, ſo dear to humanity, was a ſafe-guard to whoſoever pronounced it; and what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing, even the ſoldiers had no need of the examples and orders of their officers, to take in favor of Fenelon thoſe ſentiments of mildneſs and veneration, a ſight very delightful to a truly philoſophic mind. While a third part of Europe were embroiled in war, there was a little ſpot in France, which under the ſole guardianſhip of genius and candor, felt the advantages of an unalterable peace. O reward of merit! preferable to all thoſe frivolous marks of honor, which are ſo little real in the eyes of the judicious! and how Fenelon muſt have been touched by ſuch a flattering reward; the only one, it is certain, which could recompence what human acknowledgments owed him.

A SHIP THE SCHOOL OF SOCIABILITY.

EVERY one knows, or every one muſt feel, that the firſt link that unites man to man, is mutual weakneſs and mutual wants. But how variant are the ſympathies which ſpring from this principle of ſelf-preſervation and ſecurity, when modified by the affections of nature!

Perhaps there is not a condition in human life in which one is ſo ſoon conducted to a knowledge of that infinite ſkill with which heaven has formed its rational creation here for the ſeveral purpoſes of virtue and enjoyment, as in the inſolated ſtation of a ſhip's company, expoſed to the ſame hazards, and impreſſed with a ſenſe of the reciprocal dependencies reſulting from their ſituation. Removed from relatives and friends, the ſocial compact of comrades and brother ſailors, fills up the aching void; companionſhip ripens into friendſhip, and mutual confidence keeps alive the generous affections of each. How often do you ſee the cheerful glaſs, drank to the health of a far remote wife or ſweetheart, meet the quivering lip and ſtarting tear! and ſee the hard, but ſympathetic hand of an honeſt meſſmate, extend with unaſſumed hilarity, to graſp that of a brother in the moment of tender recollection! How often do you liſten there to the cheering tale of abſence being forgotten in the heart-felt joy of hearing again the welcome of thoſe whom they loved!—It is not a romance.—Such are the men who contemplate the wonders of the deep; and ſuch ſeamen may be found by thouſands in America.

A NAME TO TRAVEL WITH.

[*From the German.*]

SOME young men in Germany, fond of wagering, being lately in company with a Doctor Viereck, of Berlin, to whom they were ſtrangers, they affected to diſbelieve that Viereck, (ſignifying four-ſquare, or four-corners,) could be his real name; and finally offered him a conſiderable bet that he could not obtain a paſſport from Berlin under that name; it was accepted and the next evening was appointed for the deciſion of the wager.

It ſhould be obſerved, that this party being three in number, each of them, according to a preconcerted ſcheme, took care to preſent themſelves for a paſſport, one by one, before the Doctor could poſſibly make his appearance. "Your name, Sir," ſaid the officer at the gate to the firſt. "*Square*," ſaid the other; being entered he was ordered to paſs.

The ſecond of the party afterwards made his appearance, and being aſked his name, anſwered, "*Two-Square*."—This name the officer entered alſo, after exhibiting marks of doubt and heſitation. It then came to the third to make his appearance. "Your name, Sir."——"*Three-Square*." "Three-Square," replied the officer, "are you jeſting?"—In a word, the firmneſs of the applicant obtained him a paſſport.

But now behold the different fate of the Doctor, the object of this dupery. Arriving ſoon after, and being aſked his name, and giving in that of Viereck, or *Four-Square*, the officer loſt all patience; he ſwore he had been impoſed upon by the whole party of Squares, and, therefore, inſtead of granting a paſſport to the *Herr Four-Square*, he was conſigned over to the guard-houſe, where he was obliged to remain all night, and it was not without ſome difficulty that the matter was adjuſted on the day following.

Poetry.

EPILOGUE.

TO THE COMEDY OF "*THE WILL.*"

Written by M. P. Andrews, esq. and spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

THE world 's a ſtage—and man has ſeven ages,
So Shakeſpeare writes—king of dramatic ſages!
But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
That woman plays her part as well as man.

Firſt, how her infant heart with triumph ſwells,
When the red coral ſhakes its ſilver bells;
She, like young ſtateſmen, as the rattle rings,
Leaps at the ſound, and ſtruts in leading ſtrings.

Next little miſs, in pin-afore ſo trim,
With nurſe ſo noiſy—with mama ſo prim;
Eager to tell you all ſhe's taught to utter—
Liſps as ſhe graſps th' allotted bread and butter;
Type of her ſex—who tho' no longer young,
Hold every thing witheaſe, except their tongue.

A ſchool-girl then, ſhe curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout and mother's vapors;
Tramples alike on cuſtoms and on toes,
And whiſpers all ſhe hears to all ſhe knows.

Next, riper miſs, who, nature more diſcloſing,
Now finds ſome traits of art are interpoſing;
And with blue laughing eyes, behind her fan,
Firſt acts her part—with that great actor, man!

Behold her now, an ogling, vain coquette,
Catching male gudgeons with a ſilver net:
All things revers'd—the neck crop'd cloſe & bare,
Scarce feels th' incumbrance of a ſingle hair;
Whilſt the thick forehead treſſes frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes that ſober character, a wife,
With all the dear, diſtracting cares of life;
A thouſand cards, a thouſand joys extend—
For what may not upon a card depend?
Though juſtice in the morn claims fifty pounds,
Five hundred won at night may heal the wounds!
Now ſhe'll ſnatch half a glance at opera, ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, tho' ſeen by all.

At laſt the dowager, in ancient flounces,
With ſnuff and ſpectacles—this age denounces;
And thus ſhe moralizes——

[*Speaks like an old woman*]

"How bold & forward each young flirt appears!
Courtſhip in my time laſted ſeven years;
Now ſeven little months ſuffice, of courſe,
For courting, marrying, ſcolding and divorce;
What with their truſs'd-up ſhapes & pantaloons,
Dreſs occupies the whole of honey moons:—
They ſay we have no ſouls—but what more odd is,
Nor men nor women now have any bodies!—
When I was young—my heart was always tender,
And would, to every ſpouſe I had, ſurrender;
Their wiſhes to refuſe I never durſt—
And my fourth died as happy as the firſt."

Truce to their ſplenetic and raſh deſigns,
And let us mingle candor with our lines.
In all the STAGES of domeſtic life,
As child, as ſiſter, parent, friend and wife,
Woman, the ſource of ever fond employ,
Softens affliction and enlivens joy.
What is your boaſt, male rulers of the land?
How cold and cheerleſs all you can command!
Vain your ambition, vain your wealth and power
Unleſs kind woman ſhare your raptur'd hour;
Unleſs 'midſt all the glare of pageant art,
She adds her ſmile and triumphs in your heart.

LINES,

by a gentleman who omitted ſubſcribing his name to a letter written to a Lady.

'TIS true, I did forget my name,
But many a man has done the ſame
In circumſtance like mine;
Alas! my crazy head's too prone
Not only to forget my own,
But ev'ry name—but THINE!

Howe'er, the means are in your power
To make me bleſs it every hour,
Dear charmer then abet it;
Do but unite your name ſo mine,
I then ſhall think it half divine,
And never more forget it.

TRANSLATION

Of the French Poeſy, in No. 26, of the Magazine.

THE lot I pity of the man,
Who through miſanthropy,
To howling woods and foreſts ran
To weep his Eudalie;

The ſelf-ſame cauſe ſhould we e'er ſee,
Produce the ſame deſpair,
Not every ſwain would find a tree
'Neath which to vent his care.

Scraps of Humour.

THE EXCUSE.

A GENTLEMAN who had been impriſoned for debt, lately received a polite invitation from a friend, (who had not been apprized of his ſituation) and requeſting the *honor* of his company to dinner, upon which the unfortunate captive ſent him a laconic note, ſtating that he was extremely concerned that he *could not* do himſelf the pleaſure to attend his party, being at preſent very much *confined.*

DR. JOHNSON'S ADVICE.

A WELL known female writer once deſired Dr. Johnſon to give his opinion of a new poem of hers, adding, that if he thought it would not do, ſhe begged him to tell her, for ſhe had *other irons in the fire*, and in caſe of its not being likely to ſucceed, ſhe could bring out ſomething elſe; upon which the Doctor, having turned over the manuſcript, gravely growled, "Then madam, I would adviſe you to put this where your other IRONS are."

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A YOUNG man of a good character and figure, not long ſince, propoſed a lottery in the Bourdeaux Journal, the conditions of which were as follows: All widows and maidens who have not attained the age of thirty-two, are invited to take from him a ticket at the price of twenty-five franks. There are to be four thouſand of theſe tickets. Only one number is to be drawn from the wheel; and the fortunate holder is to gain the young man for a huſband, and to partake with him the one hundred thouſand franks produced by the lottery.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING,
IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,
EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,
BY W. & J. GILMAN,
AT THEIR PRINTING-OFFICE,
No. 4, Middle-ſtreet, Newburyport.

Literary Notice.

NEW MUSICAL WORK.

PROPOSALS are iſſued by SAMUEL HOLYOKE, for publiſhing by ſubſcription, in numbers, a new periodical Muſical Work, entitled,

"*THE HARMONIC MUSEUM,*"

containing ſelections from the compoſitions of the moſt celebrated Muſicians in Europe; together with American Original Compoſitions.—One number will be publiſhed every two months, containing thirty-two quarto pages, and delivered to ſubſcribers at *fifty cents* each. A title-page and index will be given to each volume.—Subſcriptions for this work are received at the Book-Store and Lottery-Office of THOMAS and WHIPPLE, Market-ſquare, where it will be ready for delivery to ſubſcribers immediately after the publication of each number.

Married,

In this town, on Tueſday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Giles, Mr. DAVID PEARSON, to Miſs ELIZABETH GRIFFITHS.

In Portſmouth, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Buckminſter, Mr. WILLIAM STOCKER, mer. of this town, to Miſs ANN RINDGE ROGERS, daughter of Daniel R. Rogers, Eſq. of that place.

In Dunſtable, N.H. Mr. ELIAS MAYNARD, to Miſs JOANNA SHAW.

In Peterſburg, Virg. Mr. NATHANIEL LEE, aged 78, (after being three times married, and 11 children, 49 grand-children, and 10 great gr. children,) to Miſs ELIZA TUCKER, aged 25!

Died,

In this town, Doct. JOHN NEWMAN, æt. 85.

In Saco, DAVID BURBANK, of Newfield;—killed, as he deſcended a hill, by his team, which paſſed over him.

In Concord, (drowned,) Mr. EZRA CONANT. Attempting to cut the ice, he fell into the flume and was drawn under the gate, which was raiſed in part.

In Swanzey, Mrs. SARAH ALDRICH, æt. 100.

Life of Washington—Vol. IV.

Juſt received,
and now ready for delivery to Subſcribers,
at the Book-Store and Lottery-Office of THOMAS & WHIPPLE,
Market-ſquare,

The Fourth Volume of the Life of
General Washington.

☞ On receipt of this volume the ſubſcribers are to pay *three dollars*, which is the laſt inſtalment of their reſpective ſubſcriptions.—The fifth volume and Atlas will be furniſhed, free of further expenſe, when completed. Feb. 22, 1806.

TERMS OF THE
MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

Two Dollars per annum, excluſive of poſtage—payable ſemi-annually in advance.

A Title Page and Index will accompany the laſt number of each volume.

☞*Communications, original or ſelected, received with thanks.*

☞*Complete ſetts of numbers, from the commencement, ſtill on hand, for future ſubſcribers, who may wiſh to poſſeſs the volume.*

☞PUBLIC PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.☜